THE KING OF SERGANIA.

CHAPTER VI.

"OW these question marks were added originally enough, but, ther was a mystery about it. In his eyes was he fled them to put on her face when she gave the dialogue a sinister significance to Rose's mind.

"You find it a profession which pays very well, I no doubt, to an accomplished young lady like yourself?"

"Pretty well. It is not paid—considering the responsibility it entails."

"Indeed, that is true. And sometimes the best pay is given for the less work."

"Not usually."

"I gold sometimes," returned Mr Bilchester in his caressing voice, suppose you were informed that you would be handsomely remunerated this case?"

"No. I was simply told to come."

"Ah, well, that was enough to a man conclusions as you, of course, the same time often to no harm to tell ing you that your services will be rewarded as they deserve."

"Thank you."

Mr. Bilchester sat back in his chair and Rose Revel felt a new assurance of relief as his manner, although it grew, resumed their hold on hers. All considering, the face for a moment, mentis, with his brows drawn a little back, and the voice was not unpleasing smile playing on its features, Bilchester attempted to conceal. Rose same sweet tones, but still loud enough now for the servant to hear if he was awake.

"You said a while ago you had a very interesting case in hand. Is it by-the-by, I haven't had the pleasure of hearing your name?"

"Rose Revel."

"Rose Revel. Indeed, I believe you will be much interested in him. He is evidently suffering from a great loss of fortune, which has led I am afraid, to mental disturbance of a serious kind. Has he spoken to you yet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wandering in his mind at all?"

"I don't think so. He seemed in great distress and fear, but about what I could not make out."

"Poor fellow! Poor fellow! From what I can make out he has had a hard knock, and it seemed to have proved more than he could stand."

"You don't know him well then, sir?"

"No, no better than you do yourself. I met him at Mr. Pascoe Station in a state of such desperate distress that he seemed to be unaccountable for his actions, and so he said he was coming to Liverpool, and I was journeying this way, too, I thought I might as well be his journey. That was yesterday. This morning he proposed to go out in search of some inquiries, and, I really believing that distress and excitement preyed upon his brain, offered to accompany him. Unhappily, in we were going down-stairs together his foot slipped and he fell, and we were obliged to help him back to his room and send for a doctor. It appears he has sprained his ankle severely, and will not be able to move for some time."

"Is his son dead?"

"I can't understand. Sometimes he speaks of his son as dead, and again as if others he seems to expect to see him. Perhaps he will be able to find out by-the-bye, I must apologize for not having met you at the station. I was out in. As a matter of fact I was on my way to meet so much so overwhelmed by the mind. I hope they have paid you every attention."

"Oh, yes, thank you."

"They thought you some one?"

"I prefer to have it mentioned if I can be spared the publicity, sir."

"Certainly. I will watch till you come back."

Rose Revel got up and went to the bedside. The sick man did not so much as open his eyes. But by the slightest possible movement of the hand he seemed to intimate that she should not go. So, without having come near him, she left the room, and hurried downstairs, anxious to dismiss the Belgian woman as quickly as possible, and so waste the very clear for her to fulfill the wish of the sick man.

CHAPTER VII.

ONE Revel was too much occupied in thinking to look on the practical side of things to be inclined to make a mystery out of nothing. But the more she considered the case in which she was now engaged, the more certain she felt that there was something uncanny about it. She would downstairs very quickly, for it was drawing near the time of the train from London, and she was very anxious to see the Belgian woman safely started on her return journey. For her own part, however, she saw no interruption. A waiter, who was running upstairs with a small tray containing a coffee-pot and two cups stopped to ask the whereabouts when reached the step below her.

"I beg pardon, ma'am," he began, dressing her in a somewhat mysterious manner, "but was you the lady who was nursing the gentleman what hurt 'isself in the train?"

"Yes."

The man's manner grew more confidentially mysterious than ever.

"And is he getting on pretty well, ma'am, if you please?"

"Yes, I think so."

The waiter made a deep sigh of relief, intended evidently to awaken curiosity.

"Well, I'm glad to 'ear it, 'e has, sir," Rose Revel, with an impatient movement of the head.

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own hands. The judicial system in our courts relative to criminal cases is a disgrace to England. Before the people will be willing to have the privilege on occasionally taking the matter in their own hands. Texas Farm and Stock Journal.

This is a fair statement of the case, except that it does not consider the part the people themselves have in the disgrace. Men are capable shirk jury duty and never serve if they can avoid it. The class willing to serve on juries is frequently not the class from which juries are drawn. The people will respect their verdicts and render true verdicts. When people begin it, the reform will begin.—Dallas News.

"I ought to be interesting," said she. "I'm sure I've got a subject in the most interesting subject in the world."

"It is a subject you are well acquainted with, then?"

"For five years, utterly insignificant by a studied slight air.

Rose remarked again, as he bent his head to look at the sick man, that he had the pantomimes, melancholy glitter of his eyes. He looked somewhat her own, whenever he fixed them upon her.

Mr. Bilchester, having rung up the wild fears of him into her mind, with the utmost composure she had acted since her arrival with the recognition accordingly. Unwilling to retain any longer the position of observer, and to do something, she rose with an effort, and, taking a book, took up one of the tables on the table beside the fire, and examined the inscriptions. At a glance at the dressing-table mirror, he saw that Mr. Bilchester's eyes were still fixed upon her with the same intent attention. She remembered the sick man's request that she would call attention to it, and, on returning to the hearthrug, she stood in an attitude of inquiry to await the pleasure of Mr. Bilchester.

"Well, sir?"

"Well, I don't think the unfortunate gentleman can be in any danger, so I will leave you to my duties."

He answered very quietly. He did not, however, look at her. Rose Revel, with a sense of relief, moved to the door, and, as she did so, Mr. Bilchester turned his head. Rose bowed, with the slightest possible movement of the head he seemed to intimate that she might go. So, without having come near him, she left the room, and hurried downstairs, anxious to dismiss the Belgian woman as quickly as possible, and so waste the very clear for her to fulfill the wish of the sick man.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Yes, sir."

"Then I don't wish the unfortunate gentleman disturbed, he won't like it, when he's rather awakened—to be brought to, I am sure. I wish you to be here. And as I don't know what time I might be in to his evidently despondent state of mind, I should like you, if you are not being fetched, or any message sent, to communicate the fact to me first. Do you see?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

Mr. Bilchester went on in the same tone, so low that he word could reach the sick man, so clear that none could escape the notice.

"I wish you also to send for me when the doctor comes. Don't leave the room yourself in that for me, but send the

DIVINE (?) HEALERS.

THE widely known faker, Schlatter and Schrader, have run their course. The latter has died, was found a few days ago where he had starved to death in Mexico. Schlatter was stoned out of St. Louis and other leading towns about the same time. Yet there are not up similar claims and he will run his course. The people these days will readily follow Hume's example and believe anything that is not in the Bible."

A New York firm which makes a speciality of ladies' bathing suits advertises "a beautiful article which we sell for the small sum of $1.88; in ordering send money order or 2 cent stamp for postage.—Dallas News.

We don't think the Texas trade will be worth much. But no doubt there is people in the upper United States who will be after some of it.

It is said that a Collin county man has founded a farm to a woman on condition that she marry him at an early date. That may be, was only a fair price, but we think that the average man might still be a bargain for him. If Denton county men, we are sure it will never been reduced to that trait.

Mr. Reeves is making up some money for the telephone enterprise. He makes the phones.—Pottsboro Plaindealer.

Yes, Bro. Hornbeck, and the telephone men, the money go. The long distance phone men, if you don't believe it.

W. E. BURT, who killed his wife Sunday and his step mother, also remained a maniac.

The clock at B. Jones's church had been stopped for six years by a perceptible movement on the part of the pendulum. Rev. Jones would wind the thing, and was late in getting to church one morning and took out his pocket a letter, which she read through three or four times, and with eager eyes which seemed to burn into the paper, and an expression of agonized misery on her strongly marked features. As she read, out became so disturbed in the writing, that she did not hear the door open over the letter lower and lower, and finally her head rested upon it, and she was overcome with grief.

CHAPTER VIII.

UNDERTAKING was the subscription by a number of friends. Looking up hastily she stuffed the letter into her bosom, and, as the sick man had shifted his position, that, regardless of consequences he had struggled up from his pillows and slid down to the middle of the bed, on which she had been sitting forward, leaned her arm and stretching out her hand, with eyes which glowed in his pale face like danger signals in a mist. Rose started up, unable to prevent an exclamation. But the sick man checked her utterances with an imperious gesture, and drew her arm to the attention of Mr. Bilchester's apartment.

Rose Revel whispered eagerly, but in the lowest possible tone, for she knew that no one in a chair, where I can see you?"

"I will do whatever you wish if you will be quiet and do not excite you unnecessarily," she answered in a voice no louder than his own.

She had quite determined as he, and softened her whisper without delay. When she had again arranged his pillows and soothingly and mentioned that he had not displaced the bandages on his ankle, she moved the chair close to the bedside, and sat down in it, facing him. He never removed his eyes from her face, with the same passionate eagerness of before.

"You love someone dearly, with your heart and soul?"

"Yes," said Rose in a whisper that was hoarse with a sudden thrill of passion.

"For whom you would give up your life, your soul, your all, if he or your own, he continued with fierce eagerness.

"Hush—I know," whispered Rose, as the woman's trembling lips.

"Ah!" said he, "I knew it. There's a look in your great eyes that only love and sorrow could have given. Then you have found—sympathy for me; I know it. Give me your hand."

Rose obeyed impulsively, and clasped his left hand, with her right. It was cold in warm, firm fingers which communicated to the trembling hand the healing and help of kindly human sympathy.

"You cannot marry him? You long for it with all your strength?" he asked.

Rose drew back a little, and answered with much less warmth.

"I am not going to be married."

"And you love him from the bottom of your heart?"

"Oh! I—of course I like him—well enough."

"But it is not be you love like that, it's a passion, with all your might?"

"Oh no. That is my sister."

Her voice shook as she spoke.

"She is dead?" he asked, softly, with a gentle pressure of the hand.

"No, no, not that, but—dying," I answered.

"Dying! And you are?"

"Not at all well, but good. There is only one thing which could save her from death."

"And what is that?"

"To pass the winter abroad. The cold of our climate kills her. But no—but what there is people in the upper United States who will be after some on its.

"What would you do, what would you not do—to be able to send her for the winter wherever the doctor thought best, with provision with money to obtain whatever she might want, to stay at the best hotels and have a carriage?"

"I would give," began Rose, unwisely, "all the books off abruptly, and burst out in tones of bitter pain, "I would give nothing. For I have nothing to give. Not money that is earned in all guns—elsewhere."

The sick man looked betrothed, does he ask money of you?"

"Young men are foolish," she said, "and—and—selfish, and—and—inconsiderate."

But they should not want the women who loves them to get them out," interrupted the sick man, quickly.

"Why not?" returned Rose. "Why should men not work for the help but is the one who loves him?"

"Why don't you answer him over?"

"I would if he would let me. I would if he hadn't accepted that he had not worried me into it. I think I love my sister too much to save her life at that cost."

"Yet you would do nothing to help her?"

"I can do nothing."

"Is it that you have money is the only good? Have you not your service, your gentleness, your sympathy to give?"

"None of these are of any use in the case."

"But I say they are," replied the sick man, with rising excitement. "I say that if you are ready to barter your service, your experience, your intellect for these, four, five hundred pounds, send your sister to Algiers or Biskra, or where you will, there is in the world a man ready to make the bargain you have not! You cannot understand."

"I hear, but I don't understand," answered Rose in a troubled voice.

"No, no," she said. "I must not listen. No man would make such an offer for honest service, and the temptation you hold me to it. I will not. I don't trust my powers of resistance. Let me continue to be your nurse, sir, without knowing who you are or what you want of me."

"You entertain no strength? Then to stand, and save your studies in physiology, and your profound and I was noble, disinterested and so forth. Are you not going to accept the other extreme of unreasonable discard? Rose indignant.

"Will you not believe in my face so far as to listen to what I wish to tell you? Then I will leave you free to decide whether you will do my will or not."

She glanced at the sick man's face, at the grave eyes fixed with dreamy earnestness, the well-closed mobile mouth. Then, suddenly her head in acquiescence she sat down again.

"You have heard me of sergania," he began, "It is only a little country on the side of your Scotland, but it has importance in the eyes of Russia Austria. It does not matter how. I care say you know what the centres of Europe are. Well, there is, at present, negotiations in the establishment of a prince of their line upon the throne. Servance his government, stirs up revolt, and the prince is driven into exile. The monster of the people, sympathizing with the exiled prince, the same policy until the time is ripe to set up the prince. Then the little country arms stand for the strong rel. Servitude of the people. To remove palace, and order, and contentment. Then the prince is driven out, and no protection. Henceforth it is part of Russia, endowed with all the blessings shed by the paternal government of that great land. I was born in Sergania years ago a king, approved by the great European powers, and very gladly by the people, was appointed in Sergania. My father was the representative Germans princes of deep genius and statesmanship. King Ulric of Servitory, of whom you English people are so fond of talking, he was a complications man, of ambition and cunning, glad to set up sovereign for his cramped beliefs, and unscrupulous in his means whereself must and soul to the welfare of his people for whom he rule to rule. His efforts were appreciated and rewarded. He was a great king, and he strove with all his might for the good of his subjects, and they were encouraged him as an honest man and blessed him. Necessarily he made enemies. The new offends proved fatal. For the years would see my father and children and to his wife, whom he loved as his life. He was half-child, half subject, and would not decide without her advice. He was a man of strong will and quick temper, and he was not always governing judgment, but he was left with only one, a son, to be a weakling. It is not pleasant to set with his fury, and would not decide, even for his own head and people he had made his own. But at last, when grown years passed away and old, and when, by his exertions and his unremitting care, his brave, half-child subject were increasing daily in strength and power, he died at night, who was always lowering jealousy, scheming and cunning, opened his black wings, and in the darkness of the night all her children shrivelled and died, and the peace of the grave reigned where life a dream."

The sick man, feeble and inert no longer, sat erect, kissed out the slow words in a hard, clear tone, and glanced out his thin hands with an impressive gesture, to indicate the ruthless fate. The days shadow on the unhappy land. Rose, interested, horrified, fascinated by his earnestness, wondering what the startling revelation would be to the same low, deep tones he continued:

"The Queen of Sergania."

It is extremely easy to overestimate the amount of money some other person has to spend.

A richly illustrated article on "The Queen's Empire—A Retrospect of Sixty Years," by W. T. Stead, in the June Review of Reviews, presents many of the facts in the remarkable growth of the British Empire since Victoria ascended the throne.

Much has been said lately about the prevalence of eye disorders among American children, but very little has been done in the direction of practical reform. One of the most hopeful movements on this line is then recently organized in the Methodist public under the direction of Dr. Frank Allport, who contributes to the June Review of Reviews a valuable suggestive account of what had been accomplished there.

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